

Behind Enemy Lines by therealfarklenation

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: 80s, Aged-Up Character(s), Awkwardness, BAMF Mike, El has a hickey, El takes care of Mike, Eleven/Mike Wheeler Fluff, Eleven/Mike Wheeler-Centric, F/M, Fights, Fluff, Hopper's cleanin his gun my dudes, Kissing, Making Out, Mike gets in a fight, Mileven, Nancy is a great sister, Please Don't Hate Me, Protective Parent Jim "Chief" Hopper, SO MUCH FLUFF, Teenagers, but he probably will later, enough said, i thrive on awkward, im so sorry lol, jk he's not, they're like 15/16, they're so sweet i cant

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-20

Updated: 2018-01-21

Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:27:47

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,555

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

He was stepping behind enemy lines, praying that he wouldn't get caught. She welcomed the risk with opened arms, praying that he wouldn't stop. TEEN MILEVEN FLUFF!

1. Mike and the Fight

Author's Note:

They're like 15/16 in this, okay? Plz don't hate me lololol.

Setting: Season 4, Autumn.

Song: My Kind of Lady - Supertramp

Rated: PG 13

She marched back into her bedroom, frozen peas in hand, still sporting the same, intense scowl she's had since the school day had ended. She was angry, very angry; furious.

He found it quite adorable.

"You don't have to do that, you know," Mike tried to get up from her bed, "It's really not that bad. I've had worse."

"No. Sit." Eleven demanded, pushing him back down with her powers. He laughed.

"You know I'm dead meat if Hopper catches me here, right?" He smiled nervously, taking the peas and placing them on his already blackened eye, "I'm behind enemy lines."

El shook her head, wiping her nose, "You're hurt."

She plopped down next to him, watching him wince ever-so-slightly as the cold bag touched his eye.

"Who?"

It was more of a demand than a question.

"Nobody..."

"Mike. Who?" Eleven took the cold pack from his eye, so she can get a

good look at him.

He sighed, glancing down at his shoes, then at her hands, which were (if you looked close enough) shaking with emotion, "Just Troy."

Her hands stopped shaking, but her anger intensified, "Troy?" She seethed, "Mouth breather Troy?"

"Yeah, but it's okay, because-"

"Pay," She growled, interrupting him, "He will pay."

"El-"

"Both arms this time... and his nose..."

Mike cupped her cheeks with his hands, turning her head to face him. She immediately stopped, furrowing her eyebrows. He chuckled slightly at her eagerness, at how much she wanted to hurt Troy for hurting him. Usually, the situation should be the other way around. The boy fights the bully for the girl. Her logic, though, decided otherwise. It was unusual.

But, then again, that was them: unusual. They were strange.

"He already payed, El."

Okay, now she was more confused. He smiled, "Tomorrow morning, he's gonna have the same black eye as me. Two, if I'm lucky."

"Why?"

"Why do you think?" He showed her his hand, displaying his bruised, skinny knuckles, "I got him right back."

El smiled, taking his hand and examining it. She really liked to do that. She liked to hold him, and just look at him. Mike fascinated her, and she him. She traced the bruise with her finger, then over each knuckle, "Was it good?"

"What?"

"The punch. Hitting him."

"Well..." He sighed, "Yeah. It was pretty awesome."

"Good." She smiled again.

She placed the bag of frozen peas back onto his swollen eye, scooting closer to him on the bed.

They were like that for minutes, just basking in the silence of the cabin, only staring at each other. It was quiet, but definitely worth more than words; it was like they were saying "I love you", but with their minds.

Minutes had passed. El finally broke the silence, "Behind enemy lines?"

Mike grinned, "You know... Like, I'm in Hopper's territory, and he'll kill me if he found out I was here... Unchaperoned..."

She giggled, "Why?"

"Because... He'll think we were... doing things..." He blushed.

She moved closer, a mischievous glint in her eye (something new, yet welcomed nonetheless), "Things like this?"

She pressed her warm lips against his, only for a short second, then pulled back. Mike chuckled, "Well... No, not exactly that," He whispered, as if they weren't alone in the old cabin, "He'll think we were making out or something..."

Making out. That was a new word. He quickly explained, "Like kissing, but more... intense. And... much longer." Mike bit his lip, "It's kinda weird, you probably wouldn't like it..."

Eleven nodded, taking the peas off of his eye. They quickly returned to that calming silence.

She began to trace his bruised eye with her finger, just as she did his hand. It was almost hypnotic.

Mike still smiled contently, watching her expressions change as she continued to circle his eye. She was thinking about something. Thinking hard.

"Mike?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you want to make out?"

His breath hitched as her question slowly made its way through his head. Color rushed to his cheeks again, "Um... I don't know. Never thought about it before..."

A lie. He did know, he knew so very well the answer to that question. As the hormonal fifteen-year-old boy he is, he's spent many class periods daydreaming about this moment.

"So, can we?" She asked again.

"Well- Uh- Yeah, I-" He stuttered, "Yeah, I guess... I mean... If you're okay with that..."

She smiled excitedly, "Okay..."

She looked at him, waiting for something to happen.

Nothing happened.

"Mike," El tugged on his sleeve, "Right now?"

He coughed, *she wanted to do it now*, "S-Sure..."

Mike moved even closer to her, "I really don't know how to do this, though..."

"Me neither," El assured, "That's what makes it interesting..."

Mike nervously laughed, tucking a stray curl behind her ear, "I guess I'll just... start then... Unless you want to?"

"You start."

He moved in, slower than usual, closing his eyes as his lips finally met with hers. He stayed like that for a few seconds, almost frozen, until he began to barely move his lips against her own. He felt her jolt in surprise.

Wait, was that a good jolt, or a bad jolt?

Mike pulled back, concerned. Her eyes fluttered open, sleepily, "Why did you stop?"

"You moved," He mumbled, "Are you okay?"

"Yes." Eleven laughed, breathily, moving her hands so they could wrap around his neck, "Again."

Once again, a demand. But he didn't mind. At all.

He leaned in again, this time slightly tilting his head. She moved closer as well, her eyes slowly closing in anticipation. Their lips finally reunited. And now? Now, Mike had a very slight idea of what he was doing.

He moved his lips against hers, tilting his head a little further, causing Eleven to shudder. Her hands tangled their way into his long, black hair, while his moved from her shoulders to the small of her back. He parted for a millisecond, allowing the both of them a short gulp of air, before returning back to their juvenile kissing session.

One difference, Mike noticed, that this kind of kiss had over their usual kisses, was the effect it had on the senses. Their quick pecks didn't allow much freedom of taste or smell, just a tingling feeling after they parted. But this? This was much more. He could actually taste the maple syrup from her after-school Eggos on her lips, smell the shampoo in her hair when it fell into her eyes, feel the warmth of her hands as they burrowed their way toward his scalp. Mike could hear her ragged breathing, her sharp gasps whenever he surprised her with a squeeze here, or a grab there (of course, not daring to allow his hands to roam any lower than her back).

He was really getting the hang of it, finally... Mike liked making out. He liked it *a lot*.

Eleven could feel little beads of sweat forming on his forehead as they continued to intensify their kisses. She tugged on his hair, he gave a muffled groan.

She smirked against his mouth in satisfaction; something her usual, innocent self wasn't used to doing. Mike laughed in his head.

Yup. Every second that passed by, he took away even more of her innocence.

But she loved it, and loved him, and loved to learn new things, like this... Especially with him.

"And this is the key, but the door should be unlocked." Hopper handed Nancy the key to his cabin, "Just make sure she made it home. I forgot to tell her I'm gonna be a little late tonight." He nervously rubbed the back of his neck, "Thanks Nance."

"No problem." Nancy replied, "I'll call the station or something if she's not there, but she'd probably be at my house anyway."

Over the past year, the Wheeler family and the Hoppers have really grown close, almost like family. The key word being almost, though, because Mike did NOT want to associate his girlfriend as his own family member.

But to Nancy? El was like a sister to Nancy, and Nancy was like a sister to El. It was something they both cherished: a sisterly bond; they would do anything for each other, and anything for their families.

So, when Hopper asked if she'd go check on Eleven, she happily obliged.

The drive from the police station to the cabin wasn't necessarily a long one, but it wasn't just a five-minute drive either, not that Nancy had a problem with that. It gave her time to relax, especially since she had so little time on her hands at the moment. Senior year, along with babysitting Holly all the time, and trying to keep herself in shape (both physically and mentally) was really quite draining.

Which meant a quiet, twenty-minute drive through the forest was like a blessing.

The eldest Wheeler sibling pulled up to the makeshift drive (a dirt road, with branches and twigs pushed to the side), taking in the beautiful exterior of the cabin. Hopper had really outdone himself after the whole "closing the gate" thing last year. He fixed the house up, inside and out, with the help of El, of course (he's not the best when it comes to décor).

As expected, the door was unlocked, mostly because there really wasn't a reason for it to be locked at all times anymore. Hawkins Lab had shut down, and the government baddies went down with it. Plus, nobody knew the whereabouts of El and the cabin, save for a few family friends.

"El?" Nancy walked into the cabin, noticing a half-eaten plate of Eggo waffles on the coffee table beside the TV.

Okay, good. She's definitely been here.

She looked around the room, walking into the kitchen area, which still showed no sign of Eleven Hopper.

Then she heard something.

A giggle.

Well, it was more like a quiet squeal. But it was a noise, definitely a girly noise, coming from the bedroom in the back. Nancy cursed under her breath, wondering why that wasn't the first place she decided to look.

She walked down the short hallway, noticing El's bedroom door was halfway open. Slowly, Nancy peeked in, not wanting to interrupt her studies.

But that doesn't look like studying.

At first, she said nothing, her eyes were frozen; fixed on the mass of tangled limbs before her.

To make a long story short: her fifteen-year-old brother was on top of the sheriff's daughter, lying in her bed, with his fucking tongue down her throat.

Nancy inwardly gagged, watching as her brother tried to move his hand up Eleven's t-shirt.

El tugged on his hair again, "M... Mike..."

She couldn't stand watching them like this anymore. Their make out session has probably has gone far enough, better stop this before things get even more hormonal. "Mike!" She finally spoke up.

She heard the two gasp, and watched as El pushed Michael Wheeler off the bed with a thud.

"What do you think you're doing?" She asked from the doorway.

Both couldn't really find the words to explain, still dazed and out of breath from their previous activities. El glanced at Mike, in panic.

He blurted the first thing that came to mind, face red with embarrassment, "Practicing!"

"For what?" Nancy turned to El, who shrugged in defeat.

"I want to join the wrestling team!" He lied.

"Bullshit."

"No! No, it's true! Lightweight division! Super lightweight division!"

There was that silence again. Although, it wasn't as pleasant as the other silence. This one was an uncomfortable, awkward silence. Everybody just stared at eachother, confused.

It was actually kind of funny, if you thought about it. They weren't the type of kids she'd expect to...

Nancy stifled a laugh, "You know, you're just lucky I'm not Hopper."

El smiled uneasily at Mike, and then back to Nancy. Mike however,

stiffened up, "You're not going to... tell him... are you?"

She thought for a second, putting a hand on her hip, "No. Not yet. This is pretty sweet blackmail material."

He sighed in relief, getting up from the floor, and back on the bed, "So..."

Nancy stared back at him, "So..."

"Why... are you here?"

Nancy awkwardly fiddled with the house keys in her hands, "Hop wanted me to see if El made it home okay. He's gonna be late tonight."

Eleven maliciously grinned, lacing her fingers with Mike's. He blushed, but shared the same sly smile.

This did not go unnoticed by Nancy, who laughed dryly, "Oh no... I think you guys had enough time alone today... I'm driving you home, Mike."

El sighed, pouting.

Mike's sister smirked, "Nice try, though."

Mike turned to his girlfriend, his hair still ruffled and messy from their previous endeavor, "I'll- uh- see you later..."

"Later... Yeah..."

Nancy slowly made her way out of the room, "I'll let you guys say goodbye and all... Just... Keep your hands to yourselves, alright?" She was down the hallway by now, "And you're definitely telling me about that black eye on the way home!"

The bedroom door was left wide open, not leaving that much privacy for the two. So they couldn't really get away with another kiss like *that*.

Mike raised his eyebrows, "So... That was..."

"Fun?"

"Yeah..." He breathed, "Yeah, really fun..."

"Let's do it again." She insisted, "Tomorrow, the next day, and the day after that..."

"Well, I know better not to argue with you, so..."

"Mike!" Nancy called from the living room, "Let's go!"

"Well," He shot her another dopey smile, "I gotta go... I'll call you later, so we can discuss this. We can really plan it out, you know?"

She laughed, pressing her lips to his once more, muttering against them, "Bye, Mike..."

"Bye..."

"Mike!" Nancy called.

He got up from the bed, grabbing his backpack and quickly fixing his hair, "Love you!" He whispered.

"Love you, too..." She whispered back.

The car beeped loudly, and Mike scrambled out of the cabin. El followed, gently closing the front door behind him. She watched the car back up, and drive away.

She sighed happily to herself, leaning her back against the cabin door.

He should go behind enemy lines more often.

2. Dads Will Be Dads

Summary for the Chapter:

It could be worse, right? Normal teenagers could be much more rebellious than this.

Notes for the Chapter:

What's this? Another chapter? Oh, you betcha!

Setting: Season 4, Autumn.

Song: Turn Me Loose - Loverboy

Rated: PG 13

Knock knock.

Knock.

Knock knock knock.

"Hopper!" El called from her bedroom, deeply concentrating on her chemistry notes, "Door!"

Knock knock.

Knock.

Knock knock knock.

"Hopper!"

"I know, I know..." He grumbled as he lifted himself from the couch, "Why can't you open it?"

"Busy!"

"*Busy!*" Her father parroted, dramatically waving his arms, "Hey, who did you invite over here, anyway?"

Knock knock.

Knock.

Knock knock knock.

El groaned in frustration from the room behind him. Hopper rolled his eyes, walking up to the cabin door.

"Jesus Christ!" He muttered as he fiddled with the locks, "Just a second!"

He finally managed to open the door, deepening his usual frown as his eyes meet with that goddamn Wheeler kid, "Oh. It's you."

Mike nervously tugged at his shirt sleeve, "Good to see you too, sir."

He grunted in response, moving to the side, allowing the boy in.

"Why are you here?"

"El called earlier," He explained, feeling a tint of pink rise to his cheeks, "She- uh- She wanted to study."

The grown man examined the lanky teen, noticing the lack of books in his backpack. *Study. Yeah, okay, kid.*

"Oh, *really...*" Hopper lowered his voice, "Is that why you were here yesterday too? Studying?"

Mike coughed, his eyes bugging, "No- No! I wasn't here yesterday!"

"I'm not stupid, son. Don't lie to me." He said through his teeth, "You were here."

"Well... Yeah, I was here, but only for an hour!" The teenage boy admitted, "And all we did was study, I swear!"

"Study what?"

"Excuse me?"

Hopper folded his arms, "What did you study?"

Mike bit his lip, "Um... We studied... Algebra! We have a test coming up, so..."

There was a brief pause. Hopper sighed, and took a cigarette from his back pocket, lighting it calmly. *He bought it?*

"And her neck?"

Her neck?

"What?"

"My daughter's neck, Wheeler. What does algebra have to do with you leaving hickeys on my daughter's neck?"

Mike's face burned bright red, he ran his hand through his messy, dark curls, "Well..."

"And don't give me the 'tripped on the rug' crap." Hopper advised, dryly, "Heard that one last night."

"Uh... She got bit by a... dog?"

"Ha, funny."

"What's funny?" El asked, walking into the living room. Her eyes met with Mike's, noticing the look of pure horror on his face, "Hi... Mike..."

"Hey- Hey, El!" He stuttered, eyeing the Sheriff cautiously, "Let's- Uh- Go study!" Mike took her hand, and started for her room.

"Not so fast, Count Dracula," Hopper growled, taking a seat on the couch, "We're not done here."

The chief curled his lip, forcing a visibly-fake smile upon his face, and patting the spot next to him on the couch.

El frowned, still keeping her grip on her boyfriend's hand, "We really need to study."

"And we," Hopper gestured toward Mike, "Really need to talk."

"Okay." She said, standing her ground.

"*Alone.*"

Eleven sighed, rolling her eyes and letting go of his hand. She marched back into her room, slamming the door in the process.

"You teach her that?" He asked the nervous boy as he took his seat on the couch, "She's been doing the eye roll thing a lot, lately."

Mike didn't answer, he didn't move. Every muscle in his body seemed tense, and his mind felt so fuzzy, it like he was anticipating yet another punch in the face.

Oh, yes. Hopper was enjoying himself. He took a deep breath, "Okay. So, I'm gonna say this once. I don't want you to argue, I don't want you to question, and I don't want you to interrupt me. Understand?"

He gulped, nodding his head.

"Good." The chief took a long puff from his cigarette, "If I ever find out that you hurt my girl in any way, I will personally beat your ass back into the Upside Down." Another puff of smoke, "And if you ever, *ever* push her into doing anything she's uncomfortable with-"

"I didn't push her-"

"What did I say about interrupting!" He glared, silencing the teen with a single stare, "I'm going to give you three rules. Three. I expect you to follow them." Hopper put the cig out on the ash tray, "You don't want to break them. Comprene?"

Mike gave a terrified nod. *Good.*

"Rule one: No sex." He lit a second cigarette, "Repeat."

"No- No sex."

Hopper smiled slightly, gently blowing smoke into the teenager's face, "Rule two: No unchaperoned meetings."

"No unchaperoned meetings."

"And rule three: no kisses over three seconds. Not until you're thirty."

"No kisses over three seconds," Mike blushed, "Not until I'm thirty."

"Good?"

"Good."

Hopper grinned again, the smoke from his cigarette pooling from his nostrils (the way he used to do during interrogations, back when he worked in the city), "That's good." He leaned back into the couch.

Mike sat in silence, still anticipating any future blows to the face.

"How'd you get the black eye?"

He shifted uncomfortably in his seat, "Um... I got in a fight?"

"Well duh." El's father deadpanned, "I mean, who socked you in the face?"

"Oh." Mike twiddled his thumbs, "Um, Troy Harrington."

"Huh. That Steve's little brother?"

He nodded again.

"Interesting..."

"Hey!" His adopted daughter called from her room, "Can I have him back, now?"

Hopper frowned, turning around to see a very impatient Jane "Eleven" Hopper poking her head outside of the bedroom door, "In a sec!" He turned back to Mike, who was still sitting in an uncomfortably rigid position, "We still clear on the rules, Count Dracula?"

"Yes- Yes, sir." His eyes slowly wandered to the small firearm still attached to Hopper's belt, "Crystal clear."

"Good." He smiled, "Now get some real studying in, huh?"

"Yes, sir!"

The Wheeler boy must have left that godforsaken couch in just two seconds, as he was already down the hall, and into the 'safety' of his daughter's room.

Jim Hopper took another long puff from the cigarette butt in his fingers, "Ah, who am I kidding."

He thought back to his own high school years, cringing slightly to himself as he very well remembered the exact same conversation he had to endure when he was around Wheeler's age. Except, he had been a little younger than Mike, and heard it one too many times from numerous girlfriends' fathers.

Yeah, this conversation definitely flew in one ear, and out the other.

Despite the young man's harmless outside appearance, Hopper knew much better. He knew the rules were going to be thrown out the window. Hell, the kid is a typical, horny, melodramatic teenage boy; of course he's going to be up to no good, unsupervised, in his daughter's bedroom. It was a given. There was no point trying to stop it, because they would always find a way around him. At least, Hopper did when he was their age.

It could be worse, right? Normal teenagers could be much more rebellious than this.

He heard a few muffled giggles coming from El's room. Then a playfully hushed, "Mike!"

Hopper groaned, cradling his head in his hands.

"I need a drink."

Notes for the Chapter:

oof more Stranger Things fics to come! Love y'all!

Author's Note:

im sorry XD

like so so so sorry
More to come!